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How dull, compared with this, the
lonely crowd
Where idiot ceremony sickens us
With healths, and palls the graceless meal;
Meals that begin without one thought of
God,
And end by loudly calling for the *devil*.
Instinct with fire, and all embroil'd, he
comes

Amidst an universal hubbub wild,
Of soft piano pipes, and brazen throats
Striving for mastery...the devil...the devil.

Ithuriel touch'd him lightly with his
spear,
The fearless fair one strikes her bolder
fork

Deep in the "gristly wing"...and, then,
with breath,

Which whispers whence it stole its sav'ry
spoil,

Wafts round the fragrance, like the spicy
shore

Of Araby the bless'd. Then to some cu-
rate,

With hair carv'd nicely in one rigid curl,
But manners loose, obsequious as an osier,
Transmits the type of Satan. He gives
thanks,

And whispers in her ear some paltry pun.

This makes me long to shut my cham-
ber door

In the world's face...to stride athwart the
room,

In proud and insulated independence,
Stamping upon the servitudes of life,
As on a carpet wov'n with chequer'd co-
lours;

Or, with legs rais'd, at horizontal height,
Widely encircling one warm friend...the
fire...

With arms close wreathed, back-reclining
head,

And eyes most sternly fix'd upon the cei-
ling,

To sit...unburthen'd with a cumbrous
world,

And bless'd as Atlas, lighten'd of his load.

Did not some heav'nly impulse drive us
on,

This weight of world would sink us to the
centre.

As body gravitates, the soul would grovel,
And its sole pow'r would be the pow'r of
falling

Thro' vast vacuity. We still retain

The impulse of his hand who bade us run
The circuit of the heav'ns...not like comets
Now flaming fierce upon the eyes of men,
Then lost, in dark and frigid solitude,
But with more regular and certain course,

And, even in solitude, attracting light;
To shed again with kindest influence.
Yet strange, how soon I long for company!
It gently agitates the stagnant mind,
And we are drawn by many petty habits,
As Gulliver by Lilliputian cords.
Nauseous at first, and then indifferent,
Acquaintance grows upon us, like tobacco,
We know not why or wherefore. But we
feel

The hungry vacuum of an idle heart.
This forces one to sit with sad composure
While the long story creeps along, along,
Propt on a thousand petty circumstances,
And nothing is forgotten...but the joke.

***** MOROSUS.

INDEPENDENCE.

TO MY COUNTRYMEN.

MARK the golden sun on high
Scatt'ring round a glorious ray!

Flaming through the desert sky,
Matchless ruler of the day.

Thus, where INDEPENDENCE reigns,

Wide it spreads a steady light,
And soon majestic height it gains,
While slav'ry sinks away from sight.

What though sinks awhile the sun,
Long it gilds the western skies

Soon again its course shall run,
Soon with double splendor rise;

Thus, a light in feeble times,
Independence here shall reign,

Or soon, if circling distant climes,
Shall here refulgent rise again.

What tho' Isr'el's tribes so long,
Bow'd the knee at Baal's shrine,

A thousand, thousand hearts were strong,
Nor durst from glory's course decline;

No!...they knew the Patriot's part,

Look'd with scorn on tyrant pow'rs,
Their country's love inspir'd each heart,

And that sweet love shall glow in ours.

What though Grecians now no more,
Shine a nation brave and free,

Yet some, while they the loss deplore,
Still love the song of liberty:

They, who have but heard of day,
Freedom's day, revolt at night,

And we...shall Britains basely stray
In darkness, born in glorious light?

Did Columbia strive in vain?

Long in vain oppose our will?

No...great the fight, nor small the gain,

And Britons love Columbia still;

She for Independence bled,

Glorious death! and glorious prize!

Muse Britains, muse on patriots dead,

And bid a proud ambition rise,

Yes! by Alfred's gen'rous name,
 By laurell'd Edward's warriors brave,
 By lofty Hampden's love of fame,
 And noble Sydney's sacred grave,
 By valour's triumphs, virtue's wrongs,
 By all who struggled, fought and died,
 Shall Independence rule our songs,
 Shall freedom be our only guide.
 Long as we view yon lamp of fire;
 Long as we feel its genial ray,
 May freedom British hearts inspire,
 May honour rule with sovereign sway;
 Live Independence! reign supreme!
 Ours be thy more than charter'd plan,
 And never may we Britons deem,
 Who spurn the noblest rights of man.
London. G. D.

SONG.

MAD MARGERY.

POOR Margery sits on the shore, by the
 willow,
 And woe-worn her looks, for distracted is
 she;
 To the wind she complains, to the white
 foaming billow,
 And oft is the sea weed poor Margery's
 pillow;
 Her treasure's entomb'd in the sea.
 Poor Margery lov'd and a youth more en-
 chanting,
 Ne'er woo'd a fair maiden, or sail'd the
 salt wave.
 Their bliss to complete but a few years
 were wanting,
 For glory he left her, his tender heart
 panting,
 But soon found a watery grave.
 Poor Margery long watch'd her lover's
 returning,
 Oft fond expectation the ship brought in
 view;
 Peace at length wav'd her olive, with
 pain'd bosom burning,
 She heard the sad tidings, which chang'd
 hope to mourning,
 How his loss was bewail'd by the crew.
 Now faded's the face many a rustic call'd
 pretty;
 All sun-burnt her cheeks, sunk and lan-
 guid her eyes;
 To the loud-screaming sea-bird she sings
 her wild ditty,
 But shuns ev'ry stranger, or laughs at their
 pity,
 And weeps when a vessel she spies.
 At her breast hangs the token of love,
 giv'n at parting,
 Which daily she washes with love's pain-
 ful tears;

Now vacantly gazing, now frantic, up-
 starting,
 Rememb'rance across her disorder'd brain
 darting,
 The voice of her lover she hears.
 No more must the morning awake her to
 gladness,
 No more her torn bosom can harbour
 sweet peace:
 Ah! poor luckless maiden! abandon'd to
 sadness,
 He who rides on the wind can alone hear
 thy madness,
 And bid all thy sorrowings cease!
Belfast. A.

HYMNS OF CHARITY.

HYMN I.

O Thou, who from thy heav'n of love,
 To man in mercy came,
 And took, descending from above,
 His nature and his name.

HUMANITY, thou sent of God,
 When earth was heard to mourn,
 To trace the steps our Saviour trod,
 And wait 'till his return.

Here, angel virtue, shake thy plumes,
 Their incense, here, impart,
 And wing the willing hand that comes
 With succour from the heart.

Faith, at thy side, shall close attend,
 And point her golden rod,
 And Hope, still bright'ning to the end,
 Here seeks her parent God.

O God, may these three graces bind
 In one resplendent zone,
 The destinies of human kind
 And hang them to thy throne.

HYMN II.

WHY did the will of heav'n ordain
 A world so mix'd with woe?
 Why pour down want, disease and pain,
 On wretched men below?

It was the will of God to leave
 Those ills for man to mend,
 Nor let affliction pass the grave,
 Before it found a friend.

It was by sympathetic ties,
 The human race to bind,
 To warm the heart, and fill the eyes,
 With pity for our kind.

Pity, that, like the heavenly bow,
 On darkest cloud doth shine,
 And makes, with her celestial glow,
 The human race divine.